

Arabella 1664

Chapter 1664

Before Arabella had set foot in Belloria, she hadn't even heard of someone named Sean.

But Ophelia seemed serious when she said, "I've heard this Sean guy is bad news. No one dares to cross him, and nobody really knows what his deal is."

Arabella didn't know either, and she wasn't exactly fond of the kind of guy who played women and acted like he owned the place.

"You know what? You totally knocked the socks off my crew tonight," Ophelia continued. "When you first told them that the only things you knew about driving were going forward, reversing, and braking, they were scared out of their minds."

Arabella just smiled softly.

"And then you said you'd never raced before, but the moment you hit the track, you left everyone's jaw on the floor. Now they're all bugging me, asking if you'll join the team. They don't care if you're a coach or not; they've got a ton of questions to ask you."

Arabella chuckled, "So, are you planning to hire me, Ms. Almond?"

"I wish I could afford that!" Ophelia quickly said, knowing Arabella had many talents. "I told them that even a minute of your time costs a fortune. You should've seen their faces—hilarious!"

clinked glasses, chatting away while they

on the other side

approached Sean, nervous as a cat and barely daring

plush armchair in his private club, sipping a drink and gazing out at the

tell what he was

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't catch up. Her driving

haughty and icy demeanor sending chills

her driving that was too fast, or did you not even catch a glimpse of her car?

the pillow hit him, "By the time I got out there, I didn't even see a shadow of her car. I had some scoffed, swirling his glass

or if the race had been just two hundred meters longer. you would've

over him,

was not only useless to Sean but also

for a whooping?" Sean asked

Steward bowed his head, "No, sir. I wouldn't dare."

Seeing Sean pour himself another glass of wine, Steward quickly added, "Sean, didn't that girl tonight seem a bit familiar to you?"

Sean finished his drink and gave his verdict, "She definitely looked punchable."

Steward cautiously changed the subject, "I meant her features, her face."

Sean did think there was a slight resemblance between her eyes and his mother's, but his supposed sister had reportedly grown up in a humble home. It seemed unlikely that she'd have such looks and presence—probably more plain and unrefined.

Besides, she was the same age as Serena, just eighteen. At that age, she probably hadn't even gotten her driver's license, let alone touched a steering wheel. It was unlikely for a girl from a modest background to learn to drive so quickly, let alone to reach such a skilled level.

So, he dismissed the thought as quickly as it had appeared.

His own sister, driving better than him? That was just ridiculous.